The Theosophical FORUM

DECEMBER, 1903

OUR ARTICLES:

	PAGE
* * * - - - - -	141
TWO LETTERS, - - - -	142
THE MASTER OF AKKA - -	150
THE WIFE WHO WENT AWAY - -	155

ISSUED MONTHLY

VOL. 9 No. 8

Flushing

New York

Ten Cents a Copy One Dollar Yearly

Atma Fairy Stories

BY

MAUDE RALSTON, ELIZABETH P. CHAPIN,
LAURA C. H. LANGFORD.

"The dawn of a new day in the intellectual and spiritual
"development of the child.
"These stories, which embody the higher laws of being,
"are so simply told that the youthful mind can easily
"comprehend them.
"Between each story is an exquisite Moonlight Lullaby,"
etc.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Send orders to F. LOESER & Co. or ABRAHAM AND STRAUSS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THIRD YEAR
OF
THE WA-WAN PRESS
Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF

All musicians, *All* music lovers, *All* who wish to have American compositions that stand for artistic progress, *All* who wish to make an incomparable *ARTISTIC* gift to a musical friend, *All* who see that the Declaration of Independence is inevitably beginning to include music, *All* who see that America's specific gains in musical composition are the world's gains

TO THE FACT

That we are making it possible, for the first time, to procure that work of our composers which represents their highest talents and ideals, printed in an attractive and artistic manner, at a LESS PRICE than is given for the most ordinary sheet music,

That we wish to make our composers living realities to our subscribers,

That the Wa-Wan Press stands for no particular composer or coterie, but for American composition.

For particulars, write to THE WA-WAN PRESS,
Newton Center, Massachusetts.

THE THEOSOPHICAL

FORUM

VOL. 9. DECEMBER, 1903. No. 8.

* * *

Father of us. thou in the divine worlds; may thy word of tongued flame be held by us in reverence;

May thy ruling power come down, thy governing will dominate, in this my body of the earth, as in my divine and immortal body;

Let no day pass for me without the sense of thy divine nearness and presence;

When I must enter the trials that are to purify me, let me not for an instant lose the sense of thee. so shall I penetrate with insight, and with power overcome the things that seem evil.

Give me the divine power of love to enter into, warm and fortify the hearts of those about me, as thy holy power enters and brings life to my heart.

For the realm is thine, the power is thine, the radiance is thine:

Thus may it be, in Peace.

TWO LETTERS.

As the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM had, no doubt, occasion to notice, this small but valuable publication stands in a great terror of personality. The fear is not groundless. Yet it must not be carried to an extreme. Heretofore Mme. Blavatsky's name was used on the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM very sparingly and cautiously, for fear of our hero-worshipping tendencies detracting from the sourse of energy which ought to be used solely for the finding of the reality, that she taught us to seek. But now the glamour of her personality, with all that human hearts deified or hated in her, equally to the detriment of her true purpose, has lost much in intensity. The rigidity with which she was either adored or despised and condemned equally vitiated the integrity of people's judgment. Consequently the introduction of her name was almost always sure to do more harm than good. But now that the quality of undesirable intensity in people's attitude towards her has been lessened by the flight of years, even her personality may now manifest properties which it never could before. All that was childlike, spontaneous and sweet, in her has great humanizing powers. And nowhere does she appear more childlike spontaneous and sweet than in her correspondence with the children of her sister long before any of them were grown up.

They all have preserved many of her letters, and the following is one of them.

Several points in this letter I would especially recommend to the readers' attention. To begin with the perfect spontaneity with which she talks to the little girl on the little girl's own level. The secret of this spontaneity lay in Mme. Blavatsky's perfect inability to feel any kind of superiority towards any mortal. Whoever it was she talked to, the dominant note of the talk was that they two were just people together, or friends together, as it sometimes happened. It simply was not in her to talk down to anybody. Another point is the quaint terms of endearment Mme. Blavatsky gives to the little girl.

Yet another—the extreme eagerness to turn an honest penny by her writings in her spare moments. Earning her own board and keep would seem quite work enough for any one woman, even in our days, let alone 30 years ago, yet Mme. Blavatsky could do so only when her more important and all absorbing work was done. One more proof of the colossal activity of her mind and the extraordinary flow of her energy. She earned a good deal by her American and Indian letters to the Russian papers, and gave a good deal of her earnings to the same children of her sister.

It is also very noteworthy that in this letter, written in 1878, she clearly mentions reincarnation, though many of her friends carried the conscientious scrutiny of their minds to the extreme point of denying that she knew anything of reincarnation in the days of "Isis Unveiled," and only pretended she did.

Her instinctive care not to cumber the child's mind with big and unusual words is also remarkable throughout the letter. She mentions several times the Society *she serves,* but she never uses the word Theosophical.

B., to whom the letter refers. was one of her Russian publishers.

The other letter was written by a nephew of Mme. Blavatsky's, at a much later date, in fact almost eleven years after. The two letters were written to the same person: the first from New York to Tiflis, the capital of the Trans-Caucasus, the other from St. Petersburg to a small British Civil station in Lower Bengal. The writer of the second letter is the very "Rostia," the nephew to whom Mme. Blavatsky's letter refers, stating he is a "great fellow" and expressing a pious hope he will soon be an officer. An officer in the Zar's army he did become and still is. As to his being a "great fellow." the readers of this letter will be able to judge for themselves. In 1889, he was still very young, but much grief and sorrow, through which he had passed a few months before, had matured his mind. naturally mystical.

The significance of his letter will be increased in the eyes

of all earnest theosophical searchers by the fact that he does not know a word of English and that of all theosophical literature he is acquainted only with the *Light on the Path* and a few stanzas of Dzyan, which were translated for him. Such knowledge of theosophical affairs as he had at the time, came entirely from his own heart. Yet it really does seem, that in 1889, before the death of either Mme. Blavatsky, or Mr. Judge, his letter to his younger sister spoke of things and conditions, which came about only in 1894, 1896 and later.

—EDITOR.

"NEW YORK, 25 April, 1878.

My much beloved Niece and dear Sheep of the "Golden Fleece," in spite of your progress in algebra, it is evident, my brother, you are far from having studied mathematics and geometry sufficiently, as you do not know that "the whole is equal to the sum of all the parts taken together," or that "the lesser can not contain the greater." In the language of the mere unlearned mortals, all this means that it is impossible for your aunt—though she does enjoy the reputation of an Eastern Magus—to write more letters a day than she now succeeds in writing, often depriving herself of sleep.

However, I do not want to give you the impression, that I intend to deprive myself of a correspondence with such a learned latinist and algebraist, as you show yourself to be. My next work we shall write together, I hope, and we shall call it *"The fifth dimension of space, as it exists between the Cities of New York and Tiflis, from the point of view of an American aunt and a Tiflis niece, etc., etc.: in nine* (9) *volumes and three and a half* ($3\frac{1}{2}$) *chapters."*

Well, the news is that I have bought a doll for Lena, and a toy telephone. The latter is not particularly good. One of these days I was given a most wonderful object, which I am thinking of despatching to you. But my wish is that it should remain in Mama's keeping, until you are old enough. This object is a golden cage (*golden* to the eye only, it goes without saying, all is not gold that glitters). Well, you will say, there is nothing wonderful in a cage. True enough, but there is a bird in this cage. Why, you will say, how can anybody wonder at a bird, it is a creature well

known to everybody of old, ever since the world was started. But my bird sings! And again, I know, you will object, that all birds sing, when they do not simply twitter. Yes, but dont you see that my bird can be made to sing for two hours consecutively or it can be silenced the moment you are tired of song. The thing is a very curious mechanism, and here it costs, in all probability, at least $150, and in Tiflis you won't buy it for $1,000. But when it arrives, mind you do not touch it before you have read the instruction. You may damage the thing, and nobody will be able to mend it. The members of the Society, which I serve as secretary, have presented me with the bird on a pretended birthday of mine. I do not care in the least how much I startle them: I simply have a birthday any time I like. Here in New York I always have several, and well, it comes off excellently every time. It will soon become a universal fashion here for one and the same person to have the right to have been born in several different places, and at different times too. When you have learned algebra well and know something about the *unknown quantity* (I don't know what you call it in Russian), then you will understand. In the meantime, little brother, take it on my word. Also don't write *you* to me, I don't like it. To begin with I am a democrat, and then I do not care for this old-fashioned manner to say *you* to relatives, if you love them. Don't we say *thou* and not *you* to God?

Also you must not forget that the day I left Tiflis you howled so that all the block heard you and, having crawled under a bed, you cried: "Auntie, you are a fool, you are." This is my last impression of my affectionate niece.

Well, I really don't know how to have this bird sent to you. They won't take it at the post office. I shall have to find out some Parcel Company. However, this need not concern you.

To-morrow I am to start for California, where I shall stay about a month, doing some work. I may write from there, but possibly I shall have no time. I am sent there by the Society, which I serve, to investigate the treatment of illness by mesmerism in vogue amongst the Red Indians. I don't know what B. will think of this subject for an article, otherwise I would describe it for your newspaper.

By the way, my dear sir, I tell you what you will have to do:

you will have to take the trouble to carefully write down for me B.'s full name, as your progenitress forgot to do so, with her usual light-headedness; so that when I tried to write to him, I felt as stranded as a cray fish on a sand bank.

From your last photographs I see that you and Rostia bear much resemblance to the Imperial family, in your noses and lips, and, as I think, it is the Romanoffs and not you who are the gainers. Thank you for Rostia's portrait. He is a great fellow, and, with God's help, he shall soon be promoted to an officer's rank. But for all this, I wish he would stay home, instead of fighting the Turks. Do write to me about every single one of you: about Sasha, Fedia, Valia, Lena, Masha. Especially about Masha, I hope she is still with you?

I want you to do me a great favour. If my letters are published in the Herald, get clippings of my articles every time and send them to me. I need two copies every time, you understand, to paste them into my scrap book, that is a kind of an album in whcih I keep all my newspaper articles.

I do hope that B. will send the newspaper regularly. This year I have never had a single copy as yet. But I expect the paper will be sent to me beginning with the day when my article appears. Do try to get No. 15 for this year for me; even two copies of it if the notice of my "Isis" was printed on both sides of the page. You understand, don't you? If you do as I ask, I shall send you ten or even fifteen dollars, as soon as I get them changed for Russian roubles here. I have already ordered them.

So, dear soul, please don't be neglectful, and see that it is done. Your mama is not to be trusted.

And how is papa? Kiss the tip of his nose for me.

I do not share your passion for the theatre. I have free tickets for most theatres, because I write about them for the newspapers. But I must confess that the moment I am comfortably in my seat, I go to sleep. I am very tired of most things. Both the Paris "Figaro" and the "Revue Spirite" ask me to write. But as it is, I have no time to breathe. It is half past three, and I still sit and write, because until midnight I had visitors. No holy incense can smoke them out.

Well, good bye to you. I am really altogether done up. I embrace you all with all my heart.

But you really must stop counting letters with me. If I do not write, it means that I have not a minute.

You were my pet, when you were a baby. Now I hope I shall have a chance to make pets of you all.

Your loving American "uncle" of female sex,

H. Blavatsky.."

"St Petersburg, Jan. 10th, 1889.

. . . As usual. I was a very long time about writing to you. And now I have begun I do not know what news to give, as there is none. I go to the riding school, I ride, and I stay at home. Truly, it is in the latter that I find the most interest and variety. Were I to live in St. Petersburg without mother and the girls, I would forget how to speak, as speaking would become perfectly superfluous. In my work, the art of talking is practiced very little, and even this as an unnecessary luxury. And when work is done and I am left to myself, communion with fellow creatures fast loses its attraction for me. At times, I think, this is rather unfortunate.

I begin to understand that, when withdrawn into one's own shell and examining what it contains closely, a man may find a world much wider and brighter than the one outside. Yet I say that my isolation is rather unfortunate, for I am only catching glimpses of the world within, and God alone knows, whether I shall ever find it.

The one thing I am perfectly certain of is: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

I firmly believe, that the moment the world within is able to influence a man, be it ever so slightly, it will give him peace before all the other boons, that it may reveal after. This is the beginning, and it is most important, the rest being altogether dependent upon the man's greater or lesser faculty of reflecting light, that is to say his personal powers and his gifts from above.

You seem to be rather disappointed, that the Theosophical movement in India looks considerably different when one is near it. It is always so. Seeing a picture at a distance, we lose the greater part of the details and receive an impression of a more per-

fect finish. Theosophy, or rather what we long to find in it, can exist in a limited circle only, not conditionally, but because of its very essence.

Societies may be found all over the world, but in spirit, Theosophy has gathered into a very limited body, lit up with the light of truth and reflecting light like silver. I mean the light in whose scattered rays wander all kinds of societies, since Adam, seeking the path in knowledge, religions, sciences and various systems. Rare it is for a man to turn to the one instrument that can give knowledge, and, entering the road of painful reconstruction, to find the *path* within himself. Only having conquered oneself, only having reached the depth and felt oneself in one's reality, may one give light-sensitiveness to the *feeler*, or to the organ if you like it better, which is buried deep within us. It is crusted all over with our coarse materiality, and its existence is hardly ever recognized.

But once this light-sensitiveness acquired, we shall be given free entrance into the secret body, which is the earthly abode of the spirit, one of the many in the house of "the Father."

This mysterious body exists, has existed and will pass away only with humanity. Where it is I do not know, because this is to be known only by him who has entered it. But I know that its work is in spirit and truth, and also that it works in spheres far above all religious subdivisions. In spheres which may be opened to an uneducated man, who has unconsciously followed the path of religion, and has reached one of the promised abodes, only through the strength of his own faith. He gets rid of the power of his flesh, this accumulation of living cells, of microbes and bacilae, which teem in a heap of all kinds of filth and at which so greatly wonder our scientific men, occasionally finding in it a source of delection. The accumulation of all kinds of substances and living organisms is our physical body, yet it carries on an independent work. It has succeeded in soiling all that makes a man. It has spread a thick cloud over all our finest organs of highest perception.

This thick cloud is man's "original sin." And it is possible to get rid of the "original sin" only when the dirt is wiped off the receptacles of the light of truth, and this can be done either through the path of faith, which purifies our interior reasoning, or through

the path of constant labour within ourselves, which shall reveal to us, at the end, the man in us restored to sight in the light of truth. That light will show to us the essence of true being in every microscopic particle.

Not many men are capable of carrying on this kind of labour, for it is hard and obscure, and difficult it is to get access into the mysterious body.

I am but little acquainted with the Theosophical Society and know it mostly on its exterior side. And yet I am in sympathy with it, and yet it seems to me it is but an old, old story being told over once more. The career of the Society will be similar to those of many preceding ones. It is not itself that is meant to go ahead unlimitedly, but *a few are meant to progress and to pass on through it.* As to itself, it will remain, having lost its precious kernel, a mere empty shell in the hands of lodges, which shall multiply and divide until they become perfectly unlike each other. Its very essence will become an unintelligible hieroglyph, with no more meaning, than the key of Peter the Apostle in the hands of the Pope of Rome.

This happened to the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, and many other societies which existed still earlier.

Is it not that Theosophy is just this sort of filtering? Religions are also filters, only with a more inertly constant basis. But I have written so much, I may be writing nonsense. . . ."

THE MASTER OF AKKA.

The following is an excerpt from the "Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi, by Myron H. Phelps, published by Putnam, New York. The book was sent to the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM to be reviewed. Printing the few first pages is the best review an editor can give. The THEOSOPHICAL FORUM is not that the editor should have a chance to air a few pet theories and private opinions, but that the readers should have something on which to exercise their judgment and form their own convictions.—EDITOR.

Small as this world is, boast as we may of our means of communication, how little we really know of other lands, how slowly the actual thoughts, hopes and aspirations of other peoples, the deep and real things of their lives, reach us, if indeed they ever reach us at all! We of the so-called "Christian" lands think, perhaps, that if Christ were again to appear upon the earth, the good news would burden the telegraph, that his words and daily life would be marshalled forth under double headlines for our convenient perusal at breakfast or on the rapid transit trains, giving us the interesting information without interrupting our really important occupations. Ah no! We but deceive ourselves. The Man of Nazereth might pursue his holy life on the banks of the Jordan and the shores of Gennesaret for a generation of men, but the faintest rumour of him would not reach our ministers or our stock-brokers, our churches or our exchanges.

Imagine that we are in the ancient house of the still more ancient city of Akka which was for a month my home. The room in which we are faces the opposite wall of a narrow paved street which an active man might clear at a single bound. Above is the bright sun of Palestine; to the right a glimpse of the old sea wall and the blue Mediterranean. As we sit we hear a singular sound rising from the pavement thirty feet below—faint at first, and increasing. It is like the murmur of human voices. We open the window and look down. We see a crowd of human beings with patched and tattered garments. Let us descend and see who these are.

It is a noteworthy gathering. Many of these men are blind; many more are pale, emaciated or aged. Some are on crutches;

some so feeble that they can hardly walk. Most of the women are closely veiled, but enough are uncovered to cause us to well believe that if the veils were lifted more pain and misery would be seen. Some of them carry babes with pinched and sallow faces. There are perhaps a hundred in this gathering, besides many children. They are of all the races one meets in these streets—Syrians, Arabs, Ethiopians and many others.

These people are ranged against the walls or seated on the ground, apparently in an attitude of expectation;—for whom do they wait? Let us wait with them.

We have not to wait long. A door opens and a man comes out. He is of middle stature, strongly built. He wears flowing light-colored robes. On his head is a light buff fez with a white cloth wound about it. He is perhaps sixty years of age. His long grey hair rests on his shoulders. His forehead is broad, full and high, his nose slightly aquiline, his moustaches and beard, the latter full, though not heavy, nearly white. His eyes are grey and blue, large and both soft and penetrating. His bearing is simple, but there is grace, dignity, and even majesty, about his movements. He passes through the crowd, and as he goes utters words of salutation. We do not understand them, but we see the benignity and kindliness of his countenance. He stations himself at a narrow angle of the street and motions to the people to come towards him. They crowd up a little too insistently. He pushes them gently back and lets them pass him one by one. As they come they hold their hands extended. In each open palm he places some small coins. He knows them all. He caresses them with his hand on the face, on the shoulders, on the head. Some he stops and questions. An aged negro who hobbles up he greets with some kindly inquiry—the old man's face breaks into a sunny smile, his white teeth glistening against his ebony skin, as he replies. He stops a woman with a babe and fondly strokes the child. As they pass, some kiss his hand. To all he says, "Marhabbah; marhabbah"—"well done, well done."

So they all pass him. The children have been crowding around him with extended hands, but to them he has not given. However, at the end, as he turns to go, he throws a handful of coppers over his shoulder, for which they scramble.

During this time this friend of the poor has not been unattended. Several men wearing red fezes and with earnest and kindly faces followed him from the house, stood near him and aided in regulating the crowd, and now, with reverent manner and at a respectful distance, follow him away. When they address him they call him "Master."

This scene you may see almost any day of the year in the streets of Akka. There are other scenes like it which come only at the beginning of the winter season. In the cold weather which is approaching the poor will suffer, for, as in all cities, they are thinly clad. Some day at this season, if you are advised of the place and time, you may see the poor of Akka gathered at one of the shops where clothes are sold, receiving cloaks from the Master. Upon many, especially the most infirm or crippled, he himself places the garment, adjusts it with his own hands and strokes it approvingly, as if to say "There! now you will do well." There are five to six hundred poor in Akka, to all of whom he gives a warm garment each year.

On feast days he visits the poor at their homes. He chats with them, inquires into their health and comfort, mentions those who are absent by name, and leaves gifts for all.

Nor is it the beggars only that he remembers. Those respectable poor who cannot beg, but must suffer in silence—those whose daily labor will not support their families—to those he sends bread secretly. His left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth.

All the people know him and love him—the rich and the poor, the young and the old—even the babe lisping in its mother's arms. If he hears of any one sick in the city—Moslem or Christian or of any other sect, it matters not—he is each day at their bedside, in person or by trusty messenger. If a physician is needed and the patient poor, he brings or sends one, and also the necessary medicine. If he finds a leaking roof or a broken window menacing health, he summons a workman, and waits himself to see the breach repaired. If anyone is in trouble—if a son or a brother is thrown into prison, or he is threatened at law, or falls into any difficulty too heavy for him,—it is to the Master that he straightway makes appeal for counsel or for aid. Indeed, for counsel, all come to him,

rich as well as poor. He is the kind father of all the people.

This man who gives so freely must be rich, you think. No, far otherwise. Once his family was the wealthiest in all Persia. But this friend of the lowly has, like the Galilean, been oppressed by the great. *For fifty years, he, with his family, have been exiles and prisoners.* Their property has been confiscated and wasted, and but little has been left to him. Now that he has not much, he must spend but little for himself, that he may give more to the poor. His garments are usually of cotton, and the cheapest that can be bought. Often his friends in Persia—for this man is indeed rich in friends—thousands and tens of thousands who would eagerly lay down their lives at his word—send him costly garments. These he wears once, out of respect for the sender; then he gives them away. A few months ago this happened. The wife of the Master was about to depart on a journey. Fearing that her husband would give away his cloak and so be left without one for himself, she left a second cloak with her daughter, charging her not to inform her father of it. Not long after her departure, the Master, suspecting, it would seem, what had been done, said to his daughter, "Have I another cloak?" The daughter could not deny it, but told her father of her mother's charge. The Master replied, "How can I be happy having two cloaks, knowing that there are those that have none?" Nor would he be content until he had given the second cloak away.

He permits no luxuries to his family. He ordinarily eats himself but one meal a day, and then bread, olives and cheese suffice him.

His room is small and bare, with only a matting on the stone floor. His habit is to sleep upon this floor. Not long ago a friend, thinking that this must be hard for a man of advancing years, presented him with a bed, fitted with springs and mattress. So these stand in his room also, but are rarely used. "For how," he says, "can I bear to sleep in luxury when so many of the poor have not even shelter?" So he lies upon the floor and covers himself only with his cloak.

For more than thirty-four years this man has been a prisoner in Akka. But his jailors have become his friends. The Governor of the City, the Commander of the army corps, respect and honor

him as though he were their brother. No man's opinion or recommendation has greater weight with them. He is beloved of all the city, high and low. And how could it be otherwise For to this man it is the law, as it was to Jesus of Nazareth, to do good to those who injure him. Have we yet heard of anyone in lands which boast the name of Christ who lives that life?

Hear how he treats his enemies. One instance of many I could relate will suffice.

When the Master came to Akka there lived there a certain man from Afghanistan, an austere and rigid Musselman. To him the Master was a heretic. He felt and nourished a great hatred towards him. He roused up others against him. When opportunity offered in gatherings of the people, as in the Mosque, he denounced him with bitter words.

"This man," he said to all, "is an imposter. Why do you speak to him? Why do you have dealings with him?" And when he passed the Master on the street he was careful to hold his robe before his face that his sight might not be defiled.

Thus did this Afghan. The Master, however, did thus. The Afghan was poor and lived in a mosque; he was frequently in need of food and clothing. The Master sent him both, which he accepted, but without thanks. He fell sick. The Master took him a physician, food, medicine, money. These also he accepted; but as he held out one hand that the physician might take his pulse, with the other he held his cloak before his face that he might not look upon the Master. *For twenty-four years* the Master continued his kindness, and the Afghan persisted in his enmity. Then at last one day the Afghan came to the Master's door and fell down, penitent and weeping, at his feet.

"Forgive me, Sir," he cried. "For twenty-four years I have done evil to you, for twenty-four years you have done good to me. Now I know that I have been in the wrong."

The Master bade him rise, and they became friends.

This Master is as simple as his soul is great. He claims nothing for himself—neither comfort nor honor nor repose. Three or four hours of sleep suffice him; all the remainder of his time and all his strength is given to those who suffer, in spirit or in body. "I am," he says, "the servant of the servant of God."

Such is Abbas Effendi, the Master of Akka.

THE WIFE WHO WENT AWAY.

Burgess and his wife had always seemed such good friends. That, I think, was what first struck anyone who met them—even the most casual observer, but I was not casual, and when I met them again after five years separation, I became conscious, in the first two or three minutes, of a blank, a gap, a want. This effect increased, and as my visit continued to run its course, I came to feel as if four walls of ice were slowly closing round my faculties, hemming them in, henumbing all cerebral activity.

I don't mean that it was anything crude, or elementary, this effect. On the contrary, it was subtle to a degree. It did not at once declare itself. Only as one became increasingly aware of the strangeness of the atmosphere, one remembered, as it were, to have felt it for some time back, and from the very start there had been this consciousness of strain and coldness. It was even more than that. It created an atmosphere foreign to all activity, mental, emotional or physical. One saw the guests at Weardale house, assailed one by one by this invisible frost, languishing, bored, then struggling, succumbing beneath the effort, finally receiving peremptory summons by letter and wire and departing fagged, their eyes shaded as by the rings of insomnia. I was an old friend, and I stopped on as did some of the hunting men—out all day and sleeping soundly and early—and the bridge playing women, who would not have noticed even thunder or a mouse in their absorption—but the presence of such guests as these served only to emphasize the deadness, in which we were immersed.

One evening in especial it seemed to close in around us. Burgess and I sat alone on the terrace outside the drawing-room after dinner. The women, and some of the men, had resumed bridge; other men were at the billiard table or strolling in the gardens under the moon with the women of their passing fancies. Mrs. Burgess had been with us a moment before, asking some question of her husband with all her accustomed gentleness and sweet gravity; and he had replied, as he always did, with exceeding courtesy and kindness. As Mrs. Burgess passed down the terrace and we resumed our seats, I caught a sudden glimpse of her, illumined by an electric bulb in the drawing-room, and I saw, what I had never

before observed in her, that her features, as if relaxed by a spring, had settled into an expression of remoteness, of aloofness and abstraction of which words can convey no idea. The alteration this effected in her was immense and startling, so that I leaned forward, shifting my point of view to see whether the electric light had not played me one of its weird tricks; as I did so, Reardon, to whom she had stopped to speak, released her attention and she passed on. I turned to Burgess; he was watching his wife and as our eyes met, to my amazement, I saw that his had a sombre despair in their depths, which simply took my breath away. We stared at one another, he making no attempt at concealment, and then at once, Reardon was upon us, a sheet of drawing paper in his hand.

"See here, old chap; tell me what you think of this," and smiling at me, he placed before Burgess, the sketch of a woman. Moving nearer me, Burgess by a gesture invited me to inspect the sketch with him, under the light of the garden arch-way nearest us, and as I looked, I could barely restrain an exclamation of surprise—a start, I did not restrain—and, as he felt this, Burgess looked again into my eyes wth that expression of sombre despair. What he held in his hand was a sketch of his wife's head, and yet it seemed the face of a stranger. In every line of the features, in the lift of the eyelids, the curve of the lips, the upward and backward carriage of the head, in the whole fixed abstraction and withdrawal of the face was a world of distance between the image and the observers, as if the woman gazed through us from another plane of existence. Our silence was broken by a cheery laugh from Reardon.

"Rippin, isn't it?" he said. "I thought it would take you chaps aback ,and you," (turning to me), "have known Mrs. Burgess longer than any of us. I'm rather proud, d'ye know, of havin' caught that expression, for, you know Burgess, its as rare as it is beautiful and your wife doesn't look like this when we're any of us about, as you know. But it's your birthday to-morrow, old chap, as Mrs. Burgess told me, and I wanted to give you something that you would really value, so I thought you wouldn't mind me seein' and recordin' this look which you must know better than anyone. Artists have privileges, and it isn't often we're allowed a glimpse of the inner nature of a modern woman, especially when

it's as exquisite as this of Mrs. Burgess. I call this sketch the "Dreamer," as you see I've lettered it, but of course its for your eye only."

While Reardon spoke, Burgess had been turning the sketch this way and that, as if to study it better, and only I noticed that the rattling of the paper in his hand was not due to the light breeze playing round the terrace. He turned to Reardon now, holding out one hand. "I simply can't thank you now, old man," he said. "Has Mrs. Burgess seen this?"

"No; of course, she knew I was doin' it, and for your birthday, but she didn't ask to see it and I thought I'd rather have your opinion first. Do you think I've caught the expression all right? It's awfully difficult to get, don't you know. Just a gleam—and it's done—but you must know it well and I thought you'd rather have the sketch just so—than have any more common mood."

"Yes—I know it well, as you say," Burgess quietly answered, "And I don't really know what to say, Reardon; I——"

"Stow that, old man," the painter put in. "I am glad you like it though, and if you like, I'll work it up into a portrait. I'm keen on it, if Mrs. Burgess don't object."

A burst of laughter from the drawing-room and voices calling his name interrupted him. Laughing, he turned and went in by the nearest window.

Burgess dropped into his chair, the sketch fluttering and rattling in his hand, like a live protesting thing trying to get away. He turned his white face to me.

"The fellow's seen it, damn him," he gasped. "And you too. She's letting everyone notice it; it'll be common property soon," and the poor fellow went whiter than before.

"But what? What is it? What the devil are you talking about? Pull yourself together man! Tell me if you like, or leave it alone. I don't know what you mean."

"That's just it," poor Burgess answered. "I don't know myself, but the thing is there. It haunts one. It makes the place feel like a vault or a tomb. I can't name it, nor can you; and you saw it, and now this —— this ——" and he shook the sketch, an oath following his last words.

I'd never heard Burgess talk like this in my life, and I had

known him from the start of his, being a bit his senior. So I took the sketch from his hand and sat down beside him, determined to see the matter through, and this is the queer tale I got out of him. It was bald in the extreme and the worst thing about it was that facts so simple and so innocent should produce an ensemble, an effect which was ruining the lives of two people. What he told me, in short, was in effect as follows:

Mrs. Burgess and he married from a mutual affection. For two years their lives passed on pleasantly and without a jar. After that, Mrs. Burgess met with an accident. She broke her arm in falling from a horse and, when that had healed, a slight form of nervous exhaustion had caused her surgeon to order her abroad for a few months.

Accompanied by her mother and by her husband, she went to the Riviera and afterwards travelled about with her mother for some eight months or so. Burgess himself being recalled to England by the pressure of his affairs. At the close of the ninth month, Mrs. Burgess returned, having visited France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India and Japan and Ceylon, returning home by way of the States. Before going and as she travelled, she had to some extent studied the history and the conditions of the countries she expected to visit. At her age—she was twenty-five—and with her quick and bright intelligence, one would naturally expect to find her mind opened, her nature expanded, and this was indeed the case. But Burgess himself, a few years her senior, was a man of limited intellect. Her mind, on broadening, had not expanded beyond his. The trouble lay beyond—not there. In the first hours of their reunion, the effect which made itself felt and which increased day by day, was a separation of consciousness. She was, as it were, aware of a side of life, of a series of experiences and conditions which wholly escaped his consciousness. These had opened and evolved her mind, had furnished it with points of comparison, with memories, with new ideals and new points of view from which to judge life. Not one of all these was known to him. They escaped him utterly. In reply to my question he said she had written home, but in the constant travel her letters gave a mass of data merely; the form her travels took was on record; the atmosphere, the spirit of the places and her reflections, their effect

on her impressionable nature, these were lost to him. A stranger had returned to his hearth, gracious, serene, but one whose every thought and action were based upon ideas which utterly escaped him, a consciousness which he never shared. He did not even know if she was aware of it. Sometimes he thought she was. He had tried to talk of her experiences, and she too had tried—but the result was words only. She was not introspective. She had matured and ripened, without being in the least aware, in the least self-conscious, and could not have put her finger on her mental pulses for her life. They had not an idea in common; they never disagreed—did not come close enough for that. The bald, simple, untouchable fact was that here was a consciousness he never shared, a mind whose central point he never glimpsed, a being whose *raison d'etre* he could not know. The common daily ideas even, had a basis, a reason which entirely escaped him. He never knew the reason for a single opinion that she held—nor could she have told him, for she had developed unconsciously, "as a flower opens its soul to the air." Could not mutual affection bridge the gap? It made their life together patient, courteous, kind; it could not supply identity of consciousness; it could not relate their consciousness when every thought revealed a separate basis of experience and idea. Together, they moved apart. Attached, they were increasingly conscious of separation. Only their very real regard—respect even—for one another, prevented discord. It could not evade an ever increasing unhappiness.

Had either of my young friends been of deep intellectual fibre, one or the other of them might have fathomed the situation and might have discovered a remedy. Burgess himself had hoped that motherhood, parentage and its identity of experience and responsibility would draw them together. The supreme hour had come and gone. They would appear to have trembled toward one another, in the warm dawn of a mutual joy—and then, hour by hour, arose the innumerable new questions and new decisions for the new life as for themselves, and again arose, implacable and over mastering, the separate consciousness. To the depths of their minds they dwelt apart. Would time and daily experience draw them together in the future? Burgess confessed with despair in his eyes that he had no hope. For said he: "I find that we form our ideas

early in life and whatever we experience afterward only expands and does not alter the basis of consciousness. Duality of experience in the formative period, produces separation of mental consciousness, view it as you will. We dwell always apart." And he buried his face in his hands.

For a moment I felt myself baffled, I confess. But as I sat beside my friend, waiting for him to regain his self-control, fragmentary thoughts, long absent from my mind, flitted one by one into mental view. And as I examined these, the light of hope streamed from them. I touched Burgess on the arm.

"Tell me this," I said to him, "Suppose for a moment that, before you parted, your wife and yourself had had some common ideal, something that so permeated your lives that you viewed all experience and explained all life by its light. Provided that each one maintained this ideal intact—would separation of consciousness have resulted as now?"

"Certainly not," he answered after a pause. "But I do not see how this affects the situation. We had no fixed ideal, either separate or common."

"No. That is evident. But could you not have such an ideal? I am aware that very few people have a conscious ideal, an aim to which they direct their lives; the mass has direction, but not a conscious ideal goal. But is there anything to prevent your having such an ideal? Anything to prevent your raising the question of the existance of such an ideal, of the search for it? Even discussion in regard to it, to the search for it, the directions in which it might or might not be found, would supply a temporary unit of consciousness, and when we consider that during this process you would together pass most of your thoughts and experiences in review like people going through a hapstack together to find the proverbial needle—why, upon my word, Burgess, I think you may begin to hope."

He wrung my hand, sprang up, and left me without a word. Looking from my window two hours later, I saw by the sundial in the rose garden, where its shadow fell blackest in the moonlight, two forms, seated close together, eagerly talking. It was my friend and his wife. I've often seen them since, and always with the same pelasant sensation of warmth about the heart. It is as yet early days to speak, but I think the wife who went away is coming back. Perhaps she will bring a diviner spirit with her.

LIFE AND TEACHINGS
OF
ABBAS EFFENDI

A Study of the Religion of the Babis or Beha'is Founded by the Persian Bab and by his Successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi

BY

MYRON H. PHELPS

of the New York Bar

With an Introduction by

EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

M. A., M. R. A. S.

Fellow of Pembroke College, Sir Thomas Adams' Professor of Arabic and some time Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge, Author of "A Traveller's Narrative" "The New History of Mirza 'Ali Muhammad the Bab," etc.

12mo . . . . . (By mail $1.65) net. $1.40

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York London

A REPRINT

Of W. Q. Judge's Edition of the

BHAGAVAD GITA

Has been prepared and can be supplied for 75 cents, postage paid.

Also THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and other books on Theosophical, Philosophical and Religious subjects can be secured through the Secretary T. S. A., 159 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Flushing, N. Y., as second-class matter, April 20, 1901.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

Founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY at New York in 1875.

The Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another ,and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics.*

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *Path* to tread in this."

The expenses of the Theosophical Society in America are met by Dues of Two Dollars, and voluntary contributions, which should be sent to the Treasurer T. S. A., Box 1584, New York, N. Y.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S. A., 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.